



AN ANGEL FORM IN DREAMS BEHELD.

An Angel form, in dreams beheld,
Still charms my fancy's wakeful eyes ;
And morning's light has not dispell'd
The radiance of its lovely guise ;
Still hovering near, on buoyant wings,
It bends on me its beauteous gaze ;
And, in mine ear, its sweet voice rings
This wildest of all lovelorn lays :
" Beloved by thee myself to know,
I'd welcome give eternal woe ! "

Her beaming eyes were like, in hue,
The azure deeps of ambient air ;
Her smile might hope and love renew
Within the blank breast of despair ;
And hovering o'er, on buoyant wings,
She bent on me a wistful gaze ;
Still, in my ear, her sweet voice rings
The wildest of all lovelorn lays :
" Beloved by thee myself to know,
I'd welcome give eternal woe ! "

CARE FLIES THE BRAIN.

Care flies the brain when you are near,
And rapture fills the heart ;
Raptures decay, and sullen care
Returns when you depart !

H. DE MARSHAN

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